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How the Election Returns Were Received at the Capital.

ALL REPUBLICANS ENTHUSIASTIC

Democratic Headquarters Practically Beserted at Midnight-An Accidental Shooting - Emmons' Case Postponed-Notes.

LINCOLN BUREAU OF THE OMARA BEE,) LINCOLN, Nov. 7.

There was a splendid opportunity to study the workings of human passion with pride at Funk's opera house last night. As has been stated by THE BEE, the opera house was selected by the republican state central committee as headquarters for election bulletins. Long before the operator was at his desk the great room, parquets, boxes and gallery was a perfect sea of human faces, the picture of expectation and auxiety, and suppressed excitement was manifest on every hand. From 8 to 11 o'clock hope alternated with fear, and anxiety deepened rather than diminished, but occasionally cheers broke the monotony, and especially when republican gains from the interior of New York broke the democratic majority cast of the Bronx. But party pride weighed heavily in the balance until the first telegram came from Chairman Quay, and bediam broke loose. The great throng of men, women and children shouted them-selves hoarse. Cheer after cheer went forth selves hoarse. Cheer after cheer went forth for the republican standard bearver. Old inen danced livelier jigs than they ever did in boyhood days. Hats whizzed through the foom, indies imbibed the inspiration, waved their handkerchiefs and mingled their voices with the shouts of gladness that went fourth for fully a quarter of an hour. But the scene beggars description. From that time on no one seemed to entertain any doubt about the result. The first cheerful news, however, that came from Indians was the signal for another outburst that revenied the signal for another outburst that revealed the first. It was the happiest, jolliest, loudest crowd that ever assembled in Funk's opera

Shortly after midnight when it seemed possible that New Jersey might join the phalanx of the victorious army, the crowd burst forth in that patriotic song, "Marching Through Georgia," followed by "John Brown," and other insuiring songs. The Through Georgia," followed by "John Brown," and other inspiring songs. The welkin fairly wrung. From time to time the weight fairly wrung. From time to time the Lincoln Quartette club favored the audience with excellent music. And during lulls between bulletin reports, frequent calls were made for speeches from Judge Mason, Patrick Egan and J. L. Caldwell, but these gentlemen were too happy to talk and wisely kept their seats.

tiemen were too happy to talk and wisely kept their seats.

n Soon after midnight the chosen head-quarters for the over-sanguing democrats were practically deserted. They could not stand the blast. It was a hard dose on some of them from more standpoints than one. It is stated one Lincoln democrat will lay down \$6,000 in cold cash on the general result of the election. Others also lose heavily. Some of the democrats here seem to be sadder over the defeat of Kelly for the legislature than over the defeat of the national democratic ticket. They made a bitter fight on Hall, aided by a number of disgruntles republicans, but failed by nearly 700 votes.

The wonderful vote cast in Lancaster county was a surprise to everybody. It was

county was a surprise to everybody. It was simpst twice that cast a year ago. No one dreamed of tac like. Conservative citizens had placed the vote at 8,000, and by some this was considered too high; hence a double norning that over 10,000 votes had been cast in the county. But other surprises were also in store. It was found that Leese and Conneil were well up with the party vote. McShane's and Morton's boodle had failed to cut any marked figure. The railroads had been downed at their own villanous game. Outside of the First ward Leese polled a magaillicent vote. Note Governor Thayer's vote in the county and then smile at the in. vote in the county and then smile at the in-fluence the daddy dollars had over the aver-At 4 o'clock great boufires illu-

minated the streets Hundreds of wildly enthusiastic republicans promenaded the streets shouting for Harrison and Morton. It can be truly said that bediam reigned
all night long. A sleepless night was passed
in the Capital city. It goes without saying
that the republicans of Lancaster county
worked hard for the success of the national,
state and local tickets and succeeded beyond
the most sanguine expectations.

SERTOUSET WOUNDED:
An accident happened during the trip of
the flambeau club to Rocca, Monday night,
the particulars of which have just come to

the particulars of which have just come to light. The club went to the place stated to participate in the republican rally, and which en route one of the company accidentally discharged one of the chambers of his revolver and the contents lodged in the shoulder of Herbert Gorton, who now hes on a bed of suffering at his home at 1626 Q street. How it was done no one seems to know or cares to tell, but all agree that it was a pure accident and that blame attaches nowhere. The name of the young man ent secret for the reason that he is excessive, y quiet, and earnestly begs that he be spared in his carelessness. The accident dampened the enjoyment of the occasion. Harry was brought home, but the rest of the club continued in the enjoyment. rest of the club continued in the enjoyment of the occasion when it was found that the results would not prove fatal. The wound is an ugly one, but by careful nursing he will pull through all right.

EMMONS' CASE POSTPONED.

The trial of Editor Emmons for distributing and littering the streets with his advertising card, containing President Cleveland's picture, was postponed until Friday morning at 9 o'clock. Mr. Emmons has commenced an action against Officer Mitchell in Justice Snelling's court for malicious arrest. This case will be heard to-morrow. Police Judge Houston will pass judgment upon the editor's guilt at the time designated.

The knights of the star say that fewer arcests were made yesterday and last night than during any election day in the history of the city. This tells a story of moral pro-

gression.

Hon. J. C. McBride get the largest majority of any candidate on the legislative ticket.

Mac's winning qualities, however, are pretty Mac's winning qualities, however, are pretty
well known.
Governor Thayer was not scratched to any
remarkable extent in Lincoln. He run most
behind in some of the country precints.
The prohibition vote in Lancaster county
was lighter than it has been during any of
the past half dozen years. Intelligent republicans have evidently got their eyes open at
fast.

Z. H. Thompson, a prominent manufac-turer of Conneaut, O., is in the city. He likes the west and may put some money in

publicans claim the world, and it almost seems that they have got it. The years never turned out a bluer set of democrats in the Capital City. The only thing that people are interested in is the result of the election.

Don't Give up the Ship.

You have been told that consumption is incurable; that when the lungs are attacked by this terrible malady, the sufferer is past all help, and the end is a mere question of time. You have noted with alarm the unmistakable symptoms of the disease; you have tried all manner of so-called cures in vain, and you are now despondent and preparing for the worst. But don't give up the ship while Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery remains untried. It is not a cure all, nor will it perform miracles, but it has cured thousands of cases of consumption, in its earlier stages, where all other means had failed. Try it, and obtain a new lease of life.

Pathetic Story of an Exile.

From Mr. Lennan's Siberian paper in the Century: To me perhaps the most attractive and sympathetic of the Tomsk exiles was the Russian author, Felix Volkhofski, who was banished to Si-beria for life in 1878 upon the charge of "belonging to a society that intends, at more or less remote time in the future, to overthrow the existing form of gov-ernment." He was about thirty-eight years of age at the time I made his acquaintance, and was a man of cultivated

mind, warm heart and high aspirations. He knew English well, was familiar with American history and literature. and had, I believe, translated into Russian many of the poems of Longfel-low. He spoke to me with great admiration, I remember, of Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield," and recited it to me aloud. He was one of the most winning and lovable men that it has ever been my good fortune to know; but his life had been a terrible tragedy. His health had been shattered by long imprisonment in the fortress of Petropavlovsk; his hair was prematurely white; and when his face was in repose there seemed to be an expression of profound melancholy in his dark brown eyes. I became intimately acquainted with him and warmly attached to him; and when I bade him good-by for the last time on my return from Eastern Siberia in 1886 he put his arm around me and kissed me, and said, "George Ivanovitch, please don't forget us! In bidding you good-by I feel as if something were going out of my life that would never again come into it."

Since my return to America I have heard from Mr. Volkhofski only once. He wrote me last winter a profoundly sad and touching letter, in which he informed me of the death of his wife by suicide. He himself had been thrown out of employment by the suppression of the liberal Tomsk newspaper, the Siberian Gazette, and his wife, whom I remember as a pale, delicate, sad-faced woman, 25 or 30 years of age, had tried to help him support their family of children by giving private lessons and by taking in sewing. Anxiety and overwork had finally broken down her health; she had become as invalid, and in a morbid state of mind, brought on by unhappiness and disease, she reasoned herself into the belief that she was an incumbrance rather than a help to her husband and her children, and that they would ultimately be better off if she were dead. A little more than a year ago she put an end to her unhappy iffe by shooting herself through the head with a pistol. Her husband was devotedly attached to her, and her death, under such circumstances and in such a way, was a terrible blow to him. In his letter to me he referred to a copy of James Russell Lowell's poems that had caused to be sent to him, and said that in reading "After the Burnal" he vividly realized for the first time that grief is of no nationality-the lines, although written by a bereaved American, expressed the deepest thoughts feelings of a bereaved Russian. He sent me with his letter a small, worn leather match-box, which had been given by Prince Pirre Krapotkin to his exiled brother Alex-ander, which the latter had left to Volkhofski, and which Volkhofski had in turn presented to his wife a short time before her death. He hoped, he said, that it would have some value to me, on account of its association with the lives of four political offenders, all of whom I had known. One of them was a refugee in London, another was an exile in Tomsk, and two had escaped the jurisdiction of the Russian govern-

ment by taking their own lives.

I tried to read Volkhofski's letter aloud to my wife, but as I recalled the high character and lovable personality of the writer, and imagined what this last blow of fate must have been to such a man-in exile, in broken health, and with a family of helpless children dependent upon him-the written lines vanished in a mist of tears, and with a choking in my throat I put the letter and the little match-box away.

Cleveland & Harrison agree on one point, that the best out is Jarvis' old Brandy.

Pocketbooks and Money Detroit Free Press: He came the circus to Lowell, and might have

passed for a minister, but never for a fakir, as far as looks went. A crowd gathered around. "I have here Russian leather pocketbooks that I am actually going to give away. Pay me 50 cents and I will give you your money back and a pocketbook. There are enough of you here to hold me to my word. Merely an advertising dodge, gents. Deposit your money with

of the wagon and get your money back and a pocketbook. D'Twenty customers took him at his word. The next round was: "Make it \$1, gents. I will do all I agree to do." Thirty or more this time, while the crowd doubled in numbers, all intent on getting something for nothing.
"Make it two dollars this time, gents.

the driver and come around to the front

I will do all I agree to do." Sixty customers paid in.
"Make it a V, gents—five dollars! it is worth your while to get a pocket-

As many as seventy-five paid their money to the driver, while the fakir kept drumming on the wagon seat until all had paid in.

"Here, gents, are your pocketbooks.

Now, gents, did I say I would give you your money back this time?"

"N-no," stammered a man near the wagon with a rather mournful expres-

sion on his face.
"Well, gents, I will bid you good day." And he wont, apparently satisfied with his half-hour's work.

MAKE NO MISTAKE—If you have made up your mine to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virture of its peculiar combination, proportion and combination, curative powers superior to any other article of the kind before the people. From all affections arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequaled. Be sure to get

Forewarned of His Fate.

Chicago Tribune: The remains of a Dakota desperado who died a few years ago were exhumed last week by relatives from the east and found to have turned to stone. It was then remembered that for several months prior to his decease he had complained of feeling rocky.

Whatever tends to increase usefulness, by banishing pain and suffering, will certainly secure notice and approval. We allude to Insure your life for 25 cents against all the dangers of a consumptive's death by keep-ing a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup con-

renient. It is the best. Malaria Fever cured by Jarvis' Brandy.

Mr. Barr, of Philadelphia, a long-whiskered republican, has agreed with Mr. Myerhoff, an equally long-whis-kered democrat, that if Cleveland is reelected he will let his right whisker be cut of and go for the full space of twen-ty-four hours to market, mill or muster in that lop-sided condition, while if Harrison gets there Myerhoff covenants and agrees to do and suffer the same in his hirsute adornment.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she eried for Casteria, When she became Miss, she clung to Chetteria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria. The Old Man Had Grit.

and Roy's Campaille

Atlanta Constitution: "Old Sammy Anthony was the gamest man I ever saw," continued Colonel Hardeman. "Two young fellows courted a girl at Montegums once, and she gave one the go-by and promised to marry the other. The day was set and old Sammy was to marry them. The young fellow who was discarded went to the old man and said to him: 'If you marry that couple I'll kill you.'
"'Well, if I live and the Lord's will-

ing I'll marry them,' said the preacher.
"When the day came sure enough the fellow was there. The couple stood up and old Sammy commenced the marriage ceremony. The fellow came to the door as the ceremony was going on and shot the old man down. He raised up, leaning on his elbow, and finished the ceremony; but the wound came near killing him.

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Sure. Danver, Ill., May 29, 1509.

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Microbs Oil, and there has been no return of pain.

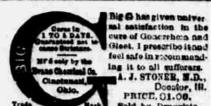
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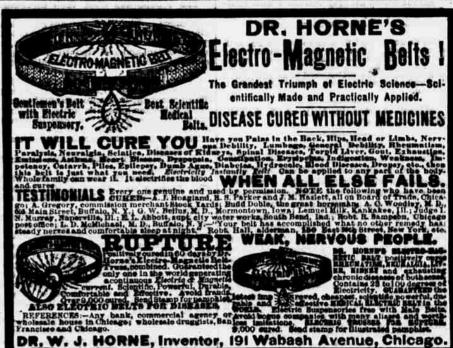
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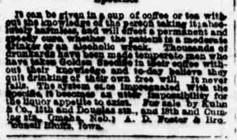
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